

Lincoln

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ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE PRESENTATION

OF THE

Portrait of Abraham Lincoln,

BY THE

COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,

FEBRUARY 12, 1867.

— OF —

TRENTON, N. J.:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE STATE GAZETTE.

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At the session of the Legislature of 1866, Hon. Robert Moore, of Cumberland, offered the following preambles and resolution, having in view the placing of the portrait of Abraham Lincoln in the Assembly Chamber :

“Whereas, the American people have always held in grateful remembrance the memory of their patriotic and illustrious dead; and,

“Whereas, those who preceded us have given a place for the portrait of George Washington, the Father of his Country, in this Assembly Chamber; therefore,

“*Resolved*, That a Committee of three be appointed, of which the Speaker of the House shall be one of said Committee, to procure a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the Saviour of his Country, at a cost not to exceed two hundred and fifty dollars, and to have a place in this Assembly Chamber.”

Messrs. Moore, Hill and Custis were appointed in accordance with this resolution.

The work was entrusted to the care of Mr. Waugh, of Philadelphia, and was completed to the entire satisfaction of the Committee.

Mr. Lincoln's birthday was selected as a suitable time for the presentation, in connection with which the following addresses were delivered.

ADDRESS OF HON. ROBERT MOORE.

MR. SPEAKER:—The day having arrived which was set apart for the report of the Committee and the presentation of the portrait of Abraham Lincoln, in accordance with the preamble and resolution passed at the last regular session of the Legislature, which read as follows:

“Whereas, the American people have always held in grateful remembrance the memory of their patriotic and illustrious dead; and,

“Whereas, those who preceded us have given a place for the portrait of George Washington, the Father of his Country, in this Assembly Chamber; therefore,

“*Resolved*, That a Committee of three be appointed, of which the Speaker of the House shall be one of said Committee, to procure a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the Saviour of his Country, at a cost not to exceed two hundred and fifty dollars, and to have a place in this Assembly Chamber.”

I desire to say in behalf of said Committee, after examining the portraits painted by different artists, your Committee unanimously resolved to give the order to one Mr. Waugh, of Philadelphia, who, your Committee believes, has most successfully accomplished the end desired, and take pleasure in offering this report, and presenting for your acceptance this portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

On the 12th day of February, 1809, fifty-eight years ago, Abraham Lincoln was first permitted to behold the light of day. Six years ago he stood within these walls, and on the floor of this House, to do honor to New Jersey's sons, and said: “While but a boy, reading the history of the Revolution by the dim light of the midnight lamp, I was always more interested in that part of the history relating to the hard fought battles and glorious victories gained upon New Jersey's soil. I suppose,” said he, “I stand to-day not far from where some of those glorious victories were won, and am I not addressing the sons of those noble sires? Allow me to say,” said he, “if my life is spared to come into office, in my official capacity I shall know no North, no South, no East, no West, but the whole country. I shall do everything in my power to bring the country back to its original peace and harmony; but if all efforts should fail, and it becomes necessary to put down the foot firmly, will you stand by me?” And all, with one

voice, cried aloud, "We will!" and we did; and how truthfully did he fulfill those promises.

We propose to introduce to this House the portrait of Abraham Lincoln, a man who defended and perpetuated the liberty that Washington had founded—a true friend of freedom and humanity. History and tradition are explored in vain for a parallel to his short and eventful career. Born to be the benefactor of mankind, nature made him great, he made himself virtuous. In his life he triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity, and on the everlasting pillars of freedom he proposed to reconstruct this government. Twice called by the voice of a free people to occupy the highest position in their gift, his voice in the cabinet and in the councils of the nation was listened to with awe and respect; his highest ambition was the happiness of mankind—bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of freedom for all. And time may roll on its sweeping current, carrying myriads to the tomb, generations may die, centuries may close up their long career, nations may be revolutionized, the vast fabrics of empire may all crumble into dust, and others arise in their place, but the short and eventful public life and violent death of Abraham Lincoln will ever live in history, and be remembered away beyond them all. A nation that mourned his loss has caught up his name, and will bear it onward and onward, as the sweep of empire widens and strengthens and prolongs its reign. A single moment accomplished his death, eternity alone will reveal the results of his life. Thousands of volumes will proclaim his eventful rule, and history in its calm and truthful record will bring out in bold relief the fact that his was "One of a few immortal names that was not born to die." His life speaks volumes to American youth. Though a humble farmer's boy, without a dollar, without a book, with the advantages of our institutions may become a great leader of men and controller of mind, and at least become the head of the greatest of nations. Mr. Lincoln, whose portrait the Committee presents before you to-day, was a farmer's boy. He became a successful advocate, a wise counselor, an honest man. When the voice of the people summoned him to Washington to take hold of the helm of the ship of State, how the old ship trembled in the stream; how eventful the time; how men's hearts quailed with fear. The dark and heavy cloud of civil war was already above the horizon. It ascended in awful grandeur and overspread the heavens. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the storm burst forth with terrific fury, threatening eternal ruin every where, and yet calm and self possessed amidst the raging storms of political strife, the gaping wave and rushing flood, the helmsman stood with steady hand and fixed eye, with nerves of steel and patriotic heart, and his bright hopes inspired confidence that gave success. The storm gave way and the noble ship finds a calmer sea. All honor to the illustrious statesman who brought her safely on her way. But as the storm abates the statesman falls—the nation mourns. Just as the nation looks in admiration, and hearts of swelling grati-

tude and love speak forth his praise, he is no more. The statesman falls just as the sun of peace rises with healing on her wings and drives back the dark cloud of civil war. Just as the burden is rolled off from every loyal heart, we are overwhelmed with sorrow. And we can only say, Not our will, Oh! God, but Thine be done.

Then let us lay aside all party differences, and dedicate this portrait to the memory of the patriotic and illustrious dead.

ADDRESS OF HON. D. W. C. MORRIS.

MR. SPEAKER:—I hold in my hand resolutions which I propose offering to this house in relation to the portrait now submitted by the committee to us for our acceptance.

But previous to formally doing so, I beg leave to make a few preliminary remarks. I should have preferred to have spoken without writing, but was fearful that in my flow of feeling on such a subject, I might forget the convenience and trespass on the rights of others as to length therefore, I have committed to paper what I have to say.

I would first acknowledge and give credit for the original resolution to its author, the Hon. Robert Moore of Cumberland county, to whose patriotic efforts we are indebted in procuring this speaking likeness of the immortal Lincoln, whose memory is enshrined in the heart of every true lover of his country.

May we not look upon this portrait as a fitting companion to decorate this Assembly Chamber with that of our beloved Washington—the one properly designated the Father and the other the Savior of his country.

And may we not also here couple with it the recollection of the talented and eloquent address delivered by the Hon. Richard S. Field before the Legislature of the last session, just one year ago to-day, on a similar anniversary occasion, and cherish them as fitting tributes by the representatives of our State to the memory of the martyred statesman and hero.

It is not my purpose, sir, to pronounce a lengthy eulogy on the life and character of the good and great man whose portrait we now have before us. Though I cannot help but believe that it will be quite appropriate and acceptable to us all, for me just here to quote the sentiments of an eloquent writer, Hon. John Davidson, from a truthful eulogium on Abraham Lincoln, which in a word will express my own views and feelings on this anniversary of his birth-day.

Abraham Lincoln was the sixteenth President of the United States; he was honest, just, liberal, patriotic, of uncommon common sense; a worthy successor of George Washington; a ruler whom the nation loved; inflexible in right; never cast down in the darkest hour of gloom; a man and a President.

The great meteoric star of New England, Daniel Webster, once said: "They can take away my life, can destroy my name, but they can never undo what I have done for my country." Our lamented

President could have adopted these words; for the benefits conferred on America by him can neither be undone nor forgotten, until the grand dissolution of empires, kingdoms and republics shall announce to a slumbering world the second appearing of the Son of man.

Washington bade farewell to earth, and passed from mortal cares to immortal bliss as an emancipationist.

Abraham Lincoln trod the same hallowed ground as the emancipator of a nation's slaves.

Our late President was no more noted for his patriotism—which was of that high and pure type, soaring above party cliques and creeds, and comprehending as his duty the entire circle of states, and every beat of whose heart was true to America—than he was for his simplicity—the simplicity of great men with great minds. His intellect was of that high and pure mould, that he could take the telescope of his mind and, with the eye of patriotism, look into the dark future, and through the bursting heart-strings of a nation and the smoke of carnage, discern the clear, unclouded sky, and see the bow of promise, as a canopy, span the American nation.

Honest and just, he has earned for himself a name in this particular, which will be classified by the future historian, with Aristides the Just; a name greater than conqueror. His heart and soul was large enough to embrace his whole country. Never hasty, but always sure. He weighed his words and acts as in the scale of justice. His name will live, it cannot die. Graven upon the hearts of loyal millions, is the record of his deeds. Generation succeeding generation will tell of the great man. Painters will delineate on canvass, sculptors in marble, poets in song, orators in living words, and historians, on the recording page, will each and all vie in committing to imperishable works and words the many virtues and deeds of that great and good man's heart and life.

The four millions of ransomed and redeemed sons and daughters of Africa will hush, in softened accents and with streaming tears, the virtues of that heart whose wonderful simplicity and power became the instruments of the Almighty God to break in pieces the clanking and galling chains of a barbarous servitude. His fame is American, it can never die!

And as future generations see and realize the full glory of the meridian sun of universal liberty, and feel its benignant rays, blessing the land with its untold, uncounted mercies, they will with one accord, crown Abraham Lincoln the morning star of American liberty.

Should no marble column raise to his memory, nor engraved stone bear record of his deeds, yet will his name be as lasting as the land he honored.

Marble columns may indeed moulder into dust: time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, yet will his fame remain, for with American Liberty it rose, and with American Liberty only can it perish."

Thus may we read in the features of that speaking likeness the

glorious career of service and devotion, and as we look upon it again and again, the expression of countenance will remind us as often that the noblest motive of his life was the public good, and that he had malice towards none and charity for all.

Truly, in the words of another, he was a

“Statesman, yet friend to truth of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear,
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.”

And now he rests; his greatness and his simplicity no more shall seem at strife, and death has moulded into calm completeness the statue of his life.

“Where Liberty dwells there shall be his monument.”

With these remarks, Mr. Speaker, permit me to offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the portrait of the lamented Lincoln, now presented for the acceptance of the Legislature by their committee of the last session who had the matter in charge, meets with our approbation, and its faithful delineation of the features and expression of the good and great patriot, as well as its execution generally, as a work of art is creditable to the artist.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Legislature are due, and are hereby tendered to the Committee, and especially to their Chairman, the Hon. Robert Moore, of Cumberland county, who offered the resolution in relation to procuring this portrait, and who, together with the other members of the Committee, have so satisfactorily performed the duties committed to them.

Resolved, That the report of the Committee be accepted, and that they be discharged.

ADDRESS OF HON. E. A. STANSBURY.

MR. SPEAKER:—It is now nearly two years since the American people were paralyzed by the announcement that Abraham Lincoln had been slain by the hand of an assassin. It fell like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. Forgetting for the moment its horror and indignation at the foul deed that had bereft it, in the bitter sense of loss and of bereavement, the whole vast nation “lifted up its voice and wept.” Even over the regions where rebellion had scarcely laid down its arms, there passed a hush and a shudder at the awful event, as if it boded some new aggravation of their doom.

The morning that dawned on that fearful night of Good Friday is too fresh in our memories to need description. Blank despair filled the faces of men, while scarce word was spoken, and tears fell like rain.

The news was borne across the sea and flashed over the old world; and the hearts of men sank within them as they exclaimed, “our friend is dead!” The princes and potentates of the world vied with each other in the formal expressions of sympathy, and the common people, with an instinct that never errs, laid their stricken hearts to ours and wept with us.

It was but yesterday that the last echoes of a world’s tender sympathy in our loss has reached our ears. To-day we receive the “counterfeit presentment” of his features, and we reverently place it beside the portrait of the “Father of his country.”

Who is this man, whose death by violence fills, not only one nation, but a world, with the notes of woe? And whence his right to stand beside him to whom this people has so long accorded the first place in its veneration and regard. He boasted no titled, no honored, no cultured ancestry. No herald’s book of pedigrees records the name of his grandfather, or the heroic deeds of his remote progenitors. A log cabin in the young State of Kentucky witnessed his birth. His youth was passed in occupations but illy calculated, according to ordinary experience, to mature either presidents or heroes. Even the scant rudiments of education, with which he began his sturdy struggle with an adverse fate, were wrung from the few books that chance threw in his way. His manhood came to find him armed only with slender knowledge, but with a purpose as resolute, and a heart as true to right as ever human breast contained.

How his logical instinct inclined him to the law, how he won competence and the confidence of men therein, how he rushed to the field when the savage tribes threatened our frontier, how his fellow citizens summoned him to one after another of the places of honor and trust in their gift, until a nation called him to be its chief, at the most momentous and critical period of its history, there is no time now to speak.

It is enough for my purpose that at the commencement of the rebellion, Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States. He was comparatively a new man, known to the nation at large chiefly by his celebrated contest before the people of Illinois, with the ablest and most adroit debater among his political opponents. On the strength of that series of debates, and his local reputation, they made him their Chief Executive. The experiment (for such it was) was a perilous one. But it was presented as the alternative to one which they deemed far more perilous. The government was virtually in the hands of conspirators, who had thrust themselves into its chief places, in order the better to betray and destroy it. Their demonstration against it wore an air of solemn dignity and deliberation that was well calculated to overawe the timid, and decide the doubtful. They scattered our navy; they accepted the surrender of the greater part of our army from one of themselves; they seized our forts and embezzled our money. The nation—the loyal part of it—seemed stupefied by the discovery that what they had taken for bravado was a real attack upon the Republic. They looked to their newly elected President for guidance and direction, and they looked not in vain. The new hand seized the helm—not in a spirit of boasting self-confidence—not as if the problem were easy of solution—but with a humble reliance on the support of a higher power, a spirit of noble self-devotion, and above all, an unfaltering faith in the people, that clung to him and supported him through every hour and every phase of the long and terrible struggle that followed. There were seasons of doubt and depression far more often than seasons of exultation. Every base passion of humanity, lashed into preternatural activity by the vast prizes and opportunities of a gigantic war, surged around him like the fiery waves of hell, and threatened every moment to overwhelm him and the precious hopes committed to his keeping, in final and hopeless ruin. He had learned war only as a subaltern in an Indian expedition, yet he was compelled in the last resort to decide on plans of mighty campaigns, and the changes of warring commanders. His practice of diplomacy had been confined to the management of his cases in the law courts, yet he alone was the final arbiter of questions on which hung the issue of peace or war with foreign nations. His knowledge of finance was limited by an experience which scarcely extended beyond the acquisition and expenditure of a moderate competence, yet his voice was needed to give the final sanction to the financial system of a great nation, in the midst

of the mightiest war and the most enormous expenditure recorded in human annals.

And yet, in all these difficult positions, this new and untried man proved equal to every occasion. He was not always right in his conclusions—and who ever was? But results have proved his wisdom to have been of that kind that, to use a homely phrase, wears the best. He made some mistakes, but there is hardly an instance in which, respecting a great question of policy, he would have done better had he followed the advice which others so persistently thrust upon him. He had literally no pride of opinion that could keep him for a moment from changing his ground when his judgment was convinced. His keen, logical mind seemed to pierce at once through the shell of sophistry and error, and seize the truth with a certainty that was unerring. His judgment of men, though inspired always with a warm charity and human sympathy, was something wonderful in its penetration. He sought for no ideals, for he knew he must do his work with such materials as he found at hand. If he often appointed incompetent officers, it was not because he thought them perfect, but, as he often remarked, solely because none could show him better men. He saw and felt that a nation practising war on a vast scale, after fifty years of hardly interrupted peace, must grow to its work by its own hard-bought experience.

He knew from the first that slavery was the weak point of the rebellion, and he longed for the overthrow of that relic of savage days with a longing that never knew abatement. But he knew also that he was chosen to rule under a constitution and laws which it was not for him to call in question, and therefore it was that he waited till every needful condition precedent had been fulfilled, and then, with every form and sanction that could give it emphasis and force, he launched the immortal proclamation of emancipation, and gave the slaveholders' rebellion its death blow.

No clamor moved him to issue it a moment sooner than he deemed wise and just, and no threats or imprecations availed to stay his hand when the hour had arrived.

One by one the measures of his administration grew out of the necessities of the time. He had no pet theories to vindicate—no favorites to reward, no enemies (except those of his country) to punish.

Amid all the trials and treacheries, and exasperations of such varied experience, his heart, instead of growing hard and cold with its terrible knowledge of human weakness and depravity, seemed to grow softer and more tender to the last. The sufferings of our brave soldiers weighed his spirits down with a perpetual sorrow. The cry of the bereaved and desolate never fell unheeded on his ears. Oppressed by the cares of state as man was never oppressed before, he could not bear to send away any who desired to see him and pour their individual grief into his overburdened heart. They went to him as to a father, and he sorrowed for them as for his own children.

Possessing no graces of person or of manner—plain and awkward in appearance, he found little favor with those who deem all elevated positions the natural birthright of the graceful and cultivated children of fortune.

But with those whom he called "the plain people," the force of his character soon made itself felt. When the conviction settled down into their minds that Abraham Lincoln had no purpose in his heart but to serve and save his country, that they could trust his honesty as well as his judgment in the mighty strife before them, they gave him without stint their love and confidence—they poured out their money like water—they gave their sons and husbands by the million, and the fate of rebellion was sealed. They cared not if his form was gaunt, his hands were large, or his homely face furrowed with the lines of care. They saw that he was wise, and they felt that he was true.

Suddenly elevated from a simple and private life to the first position on earth, he manifested no sign of exultation, no arrogance or pride of place, but kept his plain manners and frank, cordial address to the last. In the dark hours of the war he never sank in imbecile depression, nor when victory crowned his armies did he claim for himself the glory of the triumph.

The mirthful element, to which such a disproportioned prominence has been given in the popular estimation of his character, was a blessing, the value of which cannot be estimated. It was but the heat-lightning that played about the cloud of anxiety and doubt that filled his soul. It was the outward form of a perception the most keen and delicate, not of the grotesque and the odd merely, but of the very deepest significance of life. He told many stories, but never one that did not point a moral or clinch an argument. Without a vice, or the suspicion of one, scandal never dared to wag its envied tongue at him, but contented itself with efforts to wound him through those he held most dear. Every act of his life passed under the convex lens of universal scrutiny, and yet none had the hardihood to attribute to him a single dishonorable act or unworthy motive.

A man who could thus pass such a fiery ordeal must have been rarely endowed by nature for the very work he was called to perform. He did not possess genius in the sense in which that word is commonly used—but what man of reputed genius had we, or have we to-day, who would have been likely to prove a safe substitute for him? How many of our statesmen would have had strength to resist the people when they were wrong, and to wait amid deafening clamor for the right hour to do the right thing?

Abraham Lincoln had, as we have seen, no advantages of early education, but taught himself chiefly after he had begun the struggle of life—yet though Everett was more polished, and Sumner more copious and elegant, no man in our day has spoken or written more terse and nervous English, or struck with directer force at the heart of the question he attempted to discuss.

But his great gift, or rather combination of gifts, was what we call common sense—that fine balance of faculties, that quick and delicate perception of what is fit or unfit, of what will do and what will not do. Against this trenchant blade of mother wit, no form of folly or sophistry could stand for a moment, but the blow descended, not that he might win a personal triumph, but only that truth might be vindicated.

I have been led further than I intended toward an attempt to analyze his character. That work remains for the historian who, in the mellowing light and juster perspective of years, shall see our times with eyes unclouded by passion or prejudice. He may vary in some minor respects the estimate now placed by his friends upon the character and career of Abraham Lincoln, but he will come short of his duty if he does not record that no man ever rose from beginnings so humble to the foremost place in the world's love and veneration, yet bore himself so meekly in his high office and kept his heart so free from pride and avarice and the lust of power; that none who ever held such vast and priceless hopes in his keeping, discharged his great trust with more earnest fidelity, or more unselfish devotion; that no public character ever more nobly united private purity with public integrity; that in all the tide of time no man was ever so widely and justly beloved in life, and none ever mourned by the whole human race with a sorrow so profound and tender as Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Speaker, it is fit that we honor this man, and place his portrait beside that of Washington. If one was the Founder, the other was the Preserver of whatsoever we hold dear as Americans.

In honoring him we place ourselves in sympathy with the friends of liberty and justice throughout the world, to whom his name is a synonym for all that is noble and good. To them, as to us, he is the ideal of a true Democrat, embodying his creed in those immortal words uttered at Gettysburg, on laying the corner stone of the Soldiers' Monument:

“It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us * * * that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of Freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

His name is a household word in every cottage of Europe and wherever else the idea of Liberty has penetrated—his proclamation of Freedom has gone into history, to stand beside Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence, and through the ages to come, as the great ideas for which he lived and died grow stronger and deeper in the hearts of men, the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln shall grow brighter and brighter to the end of time.

ADDRESS OF HON. G. W. N. CUSTIS.

MR. SPEAKER: 'Tis fitting that the State should preserve, by every means, the memory of the truly great men that have been given to the nation; and especially appropriate do I deem it to be that the form features and countenance of those greatest in work, most eloquent in language, purest in patriotism and most noble in character, should be preserved, as they may be, through painting and sculpture, that their beneficent teaching and bright example may be often brought to the mind and impressed upon the attention as, day by day, we look upon the perfect representation of their human embodiment; and to-day 'tis with a hopeful spirit that I take part in dedicating to the people of this State the portrait of ABRAHAM LINCOLN—a perpetual memento, whilst painting may endure, of the peerless man among the many noble ones that have been given to this nation—especially as I contemplate its preservation by the side of that of him of whom it was truthfully said: “First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen”; and that in this chamber, where the representatives of the people meet for legislation, for legislators of the State or Nation need, above all others, to be inspired by whatever is noblest and purest, least selfish and most patriotic in human example and teaching.

On such an occasion as this 'tis becoming that we consider, for such short time as may be allowed us, those special traits of mind and heart that made him, whose portrait we present, all he was in himself and to the nation.

Each one will form a somewhat different estimate of his character, and each will take a different view of the qualities that individualized him; and we can be just to ourselves and true to those to whom we speak—only as we declare, faithfully and unreservedly, the thoughts which lie deepest in our own minds—as calmly we contemplate him as revealed in his words and work, and present that view of the man which, in our estimation, makes him worthy of remembrance, and excites our admiration and love. Permit me then, candidly, but with much diffidence, to declare the thoughts of my mind as I contemplate Abraham Lincoln, and to present that view of his character which, in my estimation, entitles—and alone entitles him to a place among men to which few in earth's history have attained; and makes him a man worthy of being loved by the nation, and one that will be a blessing to his race through the influence of bright example whilst history endures. 'Tis simply this: *In the great work to which he*

was called, his mind and heart were in harmony with the will and purpose of the God of Nations; and in the prosecution of that work he had no will or plan of his own, save as he apprehended the will and plan of the Infinite Mind. What may be the great end to be attained through the establishment of this nation—what the great mission in all its fulness to which this people is called—I will not predict, nor take time to discuss; but this I feel we are justified by the unfolding of events, in declaring, viz.: that be it what it may, it is to be attained through the unity of these States, and the practical realization throughout the land, by *all* the people, of the truth that *all* men are created equal—this practical realization being promoted and secured through constitutional provision and legal enactment, faithfully and impartially executed. But this, though comparatively clear to us now, through the rapid unfolding of the plan of God in the history of the last five years, and in the inevitable tendency of present events, was not clear to any when Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States. Many deemed the Union already and hopelessly dissolved, six States at least having passed ordinances of secession; others deemed its presentation impossible, save upon the impossible condition of a surrender to slave institutions; and others deemed the Union undesirable even, whether with or without the restriction or existence of slavery. Others again, who clung to the Union, and declared that it must and *should* and *would* be preserved, freely granted slavery in the States, and proffered the promise that it should not be there disturbed. The preservation of the Union, and at the same time the extinction of slavery and security of equality of even civil rights to all, was what none dared to expect, what many would have deprecated, and few had faith even to hope for. Yet such and more was the purpose of the God of Nations, to be speedily wrought out through the events of the war then practically begun, but still disbelieved in and unprovided for by the Northern States, and not more than feared by any. And Lincoln himself was not wiser than his fellows. He had faith in the preservation of the Union, and believed slavery to be a mighty wrong in the eyes of God and a curse to men; but how and when, or whether at all it should be removed, he divined not nor felt himself called upon to determine. More than two years previously he had prophetically declared: "This Union cannot permanently endure half slave and half free; the Union will *not* be dissolved, but the house will *cease to be divided*." But the uncertainty as to whether the house, when it ceased to be divided, would be the home of freedom on the stronghold of slavery, appears in these glowing words spoken soon after, which, whilst they express the doubt also prove the harmony of his soul with the great unknown purpose of the future, and his fitness to be the instrument of its accomplishment. Speaking of slavery, he said: "Broken by it I too may be, bow to it I never will. The *probability* that we will fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which I deem to be just—it shall not deter me. Here, without contem-

plating consequences, before High Heaven and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty and my love." Noble words, worthy of the noblest of men.

Other such may be found in his speech in the old Independence Hall, on his way to Washington. They have possibly more of faith in them, but nothing of certainty, and express as forcibly as words may, the deep sympathy of his soul with the end to be wrought out. He there said, "I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty not only to the people of this country, but to the world, for all future time. If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I had rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it." No human mind foresaw the end, which indeed is not yet, nor human intellect devised the plan, nor human skill guided in its execution. Himself wrote, when the war had been raging for three years, and the emancipation proclamation had been issued for more than fifteen months, and the black man was found in the ranks of the army, battling for his country. "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man devised or expected. *God alone* can claim it." But though he claimed not the honor of what had then been attained to, nor yet what had been attained at the time of his assassination, enough has been said, especially when we bear in mind his subsequent acts, to show how thoroughly his whole being was in harmony with the result of God's work, wrought out through his instrumentality, and it remains only for us to make clear that other quality which we claim to be the crowning glory of the man, viz.: that in the prosecution of the work to which he was called, he had no will or plan of his own,, save as he apprehended it to be the will and plan of the Infinite mind; but that, determined by the unfolding of events, he was firm and uncompromising in enforcing it. Most men with his positive faith in the perpetual unity of these States, coupled with his positive conviction of the injustice, impolicy and cruelty of slavery, of its incompatibility with our free institutions or the preservation of liberty to any class of people, and withal of his self-dedication to the work of breaking its power, would, placed in his condition and surrounded by the circumstances that surrounded him at the time of his elevation to the Presidency and during the first year of his administration, have had a will and a plan that combined with the preservation of the Union the extinction of slavery. Slavery had rebelled against his constitutional election; against the unity of the States; against the teachings of the Declaration of Independence, and against the growing civilization of the age. Why should he, with his convictions, clothed with his mighty power, in full view of slavery's rebellion, have hesitated to strike at it in the States and everywhere, and whilst preserving the Union, destroy that which alone threatened the Union,

and sought the destruction of everything dear to us and him? 'Twas simply because, whilst he could declare as he did in his first inaugural, "I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual," he found slavery entrenched in our history, in our Constitution, and in our laws, with no warrant to him to destroy or impair it in the States. The preservation of the Union, through the preservation, protection and defence of the Constitution and the faithful execution of the laws was clearly the work committed to him, and nothing more. The Union might be preserved and slavery maintained. If so, though his whole nature revolted against slavery, by making its destruction a purpose of his administration or a part of his plan for the preservation of the Union, he would have substituted his own will and judgment for the wisdom and commands of God, as expressed in law and the history of our country. His character would not permit that. His judgment and his will bowed before a supreme faith in the wisdom, justice and truth of the Supreme Ruler, and humbly he awaited the unfolding of His will in relation to slavery, and His plan for its attainment, not doubting but that it would be unfolded so plainly that man need not err. If that wisdom, justice and truth required the destruction of slavery, it would be wrought out, not against, but in harmony with law; not through the violation of the Constitution or the destruction of the Union, but through the highest demands of the one, and in accord with the highest security of the other. His faith and his intelligent humility, this phase of his character that I would impress on your minds as, in my judgment, the key to his entire outer and inner life, is strongly presented in his reply to one who, during the progress of our struggle, sought to strengthen and cheer him by the remark that the Lord was on our side. He replied: "I am not concerned that the Lord should be on our side, but I am concerned that we should be on the Lord's side." 'Twas his concern, not that God should approve his ideas and his plans, and work them out in the overruling of His Providence, but rather that he might learn and approve and work in harmony with the will and plan of the Almighty.

With this character he entered upon the duties of the Presidency, declaring "I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so," and having no right "I have no inclination to do so," but declaring at the same time that "to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, and I shall perform it as far as practicable." And declaring this also, "I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution and laws by any hypercritical test." Reviewing his action in a letter to A. G. Hodges, dated April 4th, 1864, he places the matter in this strong light: "I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong.

I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred on me an unrestricted right to act officially on this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and I understood that in ordinary and civil administration this oath ever forbade me to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery." With such views, while he could declare from the depth of his soul "If slavery is not wrong nothing is wrong," he could also consistently declare, as he did in his letter to Horace Greeley, "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it;" and could consistently forbid military emancipation, as he repeatedly did in the early part of the war when he did not recognize its indispensable necessity to the preservation of the Union. To save the Union was his highest and only clear duty--to wipe out the wrong of slavery was the province of Him in whose hands he was but an instrument, and who had as yet given him no authority to do it. But the time came when his highest duty was in harmony with his soul's conviction of the absolute and unmitigated wrong of slavery; when the preservation of the Union, the very defence of the Constitution to which he was sworn, demanded unmistakably the proclamation of emancipation and the arming of the negro. God had wrought out the necessity and made the way plain, and cheerfully and resolutely he walked therein. He writes: "In my best judgment I was driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hands on the colored element." The processes of his mind through which his duty became clear, are revealed in that letter to Col. Hodges, which we have already quoted, and which of itself is a monument worthy of the best of earth's sons. "Was it possible," he reasons, "to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if to save slavery or any other minor matter I should permit the wreck of Government, Country and Constitution altogether," and "I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation." Who now doubts the correctness or justice of his reasoning? Himself lived to be able to declare: "The emancipation policy and the use of colored troops were the greatest blows yet dealt to the rebellion." The struggle of his soul, as he passed from the conviction that it was his duty to defend slavery to the conviction that it was his duty to destroy it; from the conviction that as an instrument in the hands of God it was his great work to preserve the Union irrespective of slavery, to the conviction that he was called by Him whom he served to save the Union through emancipation, may be apprehended in his language when he announced to his Cabinet that the proclamation could be delayed no longer. "The people," he said, were prepared for it, public sentiment would sustain it, and I

have promised my God that I would do it." "Yes," being questioned as to whether he was correctly understood, "Yes, I made a solemn vow before God, that if Gen. Lee were driven back from Pennsylvania I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves."

He who had conscientiously defended slavery in the States, lest he should by any other course assume the prerogative of the Great Judge, now is troubled lest he be found fighting against God by longer withholding the Proclamation; and we see him in the hour of deep anxiety, when Lee presses to the heart of Pennsylvania, humbly bowing before the God of battles and solemnly pledging that it shall be withheld no longer if He will give the opportunity for its issue by victory. Victory was given; the proclamation was issued; and he never faltered in sustaining and enforcing it. Nearly two years after it went into effect, in his annual message to Congress he says: "I repeat the declaration made a year ago, that while I remain in my present position I shall not retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation or by any of the acts of Congress. If the people should, by whatever mode or means make it an Executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another and not I, must be the instrument to perform it." His true relation to God, and to the work to which he was called was clear to his mind, and was expressed by him in such language as this: "I am but an accidental, temporary instrument for the preservation of the Union. Without a name; without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen on me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence. On the same Almighty Power I place my reliance. Pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I can not succeed, but with which success is certain." He did receive the Divine assistance, denied to none who humbly seek it as he did. A glorious success was measurably achieved before his death, and success perfect and complete is the nation's heritage in the future; and to-day we place the art representation of his form and features beside that of Washington, in whose history there is no brighter scene than that which presents him as kneeling before God in the camp at Valley Forge, and lifting his soul in prayer for his country in its darkest hour, and for his army lying hungry and bleeding about him. Glory to those immortal men whose words, whose example, and whose work have been, now are and will be, through all time, a blessing to our country and to the world.

I dare not trespass longer on your time and patience. A thought more and I am done. God, through Abraham Lincoln, has preserved to us the Union, threatened no longer by any armed foe, and acknowledged to be, by eternal decrees, indissoluble; has wrought out for us the removal of slavery, that thing which caused such anxious foreboding to our forefathers, and which alone threatened our stability,

prosperity and happiness as a people ; and by constitutional provision, freedom is secured for all time to come to every inhabitant, and by law of Congress equality in civil rights is acknowledged and accorded to all. But more is required ; and upon the men of to-day devolves the responsibility of securing it. Civil rights to all is not yet secured by the fundamental law ; and political equality, alike with civil equality, demanded by the "self evident truths" upon which the fabric of our government rests, is not yet acknowledged or secured by United States or State constitutions or laws. When will the people be prepared to accord it ? There is no rest for the country until it be granted. Clearly, God hath decreed as we have said : "That His purpose is to be achieved not only through the unity of these States, but also the realization by all the people, of the truth, that '*All men are created equal.*'" To that point we must press on. If we hesitate, and whilst we wait, it will be only to bear the anger of the Almighty and suffer the penalty of our pride and injustice.

ADDRESS OF HON. E. W. RUNYON.

I do not know but I may be deemed guilty of presumption, in making an extemporaneous address, while the gentlemen who have preceded me have read from manuscript carefully prepared.

I feel the propriety of carefully compiling ideas and condensing thoughts, so as to present them in proper form before this dignified body on this occasion. If I should say, sir, that for the past two hours my heart has been filled with intense emotion, I should simply be stating what is the fact. When I came in this hall this morning I had no idea of saying one word upon the subject of the presentation of this portrait of Mr. Lincoln, and in fact I did not know that it was the arrangement that speeches were to be made on the occasion, otherwise I might have prepared myself as other gentlemen have done; but from the depths of the profoundest emotion I am moved to speak of the man whom I am not ashamed to say *I love*. Notwithstanding the plainness, the ruggedness, and even homeliness of that man's features, I love him.

I heartily concur in every word, so eloquently uttered by the gentleman from Cumberland, the gentleman from Passaic, the gentleman from Camden, and others, in their sharp, clear analysis of Mr. Lincoln's character.

Who can ever forget, Mr. Speaker, that awful night, when the telegraph flashed over the wires to every part of the civilized world, the stunning, startling intelligence, "The President has been shot by an infernal traitor."

I never had such feelings in my life as on the occasion of a little meeting held in my own town, in reference to this awful tragedy.

And was ever mortal so sincerely and universally mourned?

Witness the fact, that Queen Victoria—the virtuous and beloved Queen of the British empire—wrote an autograph letter to Mrs. Lincoln, condoling with her upon her irreparable loss, and expressing her horror at the dreadful deed; and even in France, the tidings caused a greater shock than if Napoleon, the usurper of the French throne, had been similarly assassinated.

When the teeming millions of Europe had fully comprehended the astounding intelligence, there went up from that continent a mighty volume of mourning; and in our own land every loyal heart was crushed with grief and bowed down in sorrow.

The sable emblems of woe were festooned along every street in city, town and village, so that we might say, as did the immortal bard,

“Hung be the heavens with black; yield day to night.”

What was it, Mr. Speaker, that made this man great? Why does he tower up among us the Colossus of the nineteenth century? Why will his name and fame be cherished, while those of such men as Louis Napoleon will fade and die?

It was not, sir, that he was President of a great nation. Other men have occupied that distinguished position, whose portraits will never grace public galleries—whose statues will never occupy a niche in the pantheon—whose fame will not, like his, travel along the corridor of history. It was not that he was a man of great attainments or mighty intelligence, because he did not possess them; he had, however, in a very remarkable degree, that hard, common sense, by means of which he could detect the most subtle sophistry and penetrate the deepest disguise. It was not that he was the Commander-in-Chief of the armies and navies of this great nation.

Other men have commanded great armies, and have drenched the world in blood, but there is no such bright halo surrounding their characters.

I will tell you, Mr. Speaker, what, in my judgment, made Mr. Lincoln a great man and greatly beloved, and you, sir, in your remarks have indicated the true reason.

It was because he was ever actuated by a desire to do just right, leaving the consequences to God; and, fellow members of this House of Assembly, that is the one only true course to pursue in our journey through life. Let us do just right, and let consequences take care of themselves.

The great Wolsey, after having been lifted up to the skies in point of station, honor, wealth and worldly glory, finally, when deserted by the King whom all his life he had fawned upon and flattered, was forced to say:

“Oh! Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.”

Mr. Lincoln was a great man, and he was a good man. But I am reminded that time is passing, and I must not weary your patience, but before I resume my seat I will relate an instance illustrating the kindness of heart of this great man.

You have probably all heard of the case of the poor Vermont soldier boy, who, during the late war, was caught sleeping on his post one night while standing guard. The poor boy had left a pleasant and luxurious home, nestled far away up among the verdant hills of that “star that never sets,” and lured by the excitement and novelty

of the thing, had enlisted in the army of freedom, and of course had to "rough it" the same as the hardy veteran. The camp was on the other side of the Potomac, and on the night in question it was his watch. He paced his weary round, watching the bright stars as they glimmered down upon him, and thinking of his own pleasant home and the dear ones there, until at last, completely overcome by fatigue, he sat down on a log and soon fell asleep, and dreamed of that mother whose fond kiss at parting still remained upon his lip. He was discovered asleep, and forthwith a drum-head court sentenced him to die. The laws of war are severe and their penalty terrible, and yet, perhaps, no more severe than they ought to be. A sentinel sleeping on his post has always, by military law, been deemed worthy of death. The time appointed for the youthful soldier to be shot drew nigh, but some friends laid his case before the President, and he being satisfied that the case was one requiring executive clemency, he issued his order remitting the penalty. On the day appointed for the execution, Mr. Lincoln, from some cause, grew restless and uneasy. The case of the Vermont boy pressed heavily upon his mind, and although he had no reason to doubt that his reprieve had reached its destination, he had a presentiment that something was wrong respecting the matter, but what it was he could not divine. Determined to ascertain the truth for himself, he ordered his carriage, and stepping in he directed his coachman to put the horses to their highest speed and drive directly to camp beyond the Potomac, and he arrived there, his horses covered with foam, just in time to save the young soldier from being shot by a file of soldiers then drawn up for the purpose. From some cause the order remitting the punishment had failed to reach its destination.

And now, Mr. Speaker, thanking the House for the opportunity given me to say a few words respecting the dead hero whose portrait hangs side by side with that of the illustrious Washington behind your chair, and thanking the House for the respectful attention they have given me, I resume my seat.

ADDRESS OF HON. C. W. MOUNT.

MR. SPEAKER:—I have no written speech to deliver, no prepared eulogy to pronounce on him whose memory on this occasion we delight to honor—in fact I had not proposed or intended to say a word; but my heart has been touched, my feelings so inspired by the truthful allusions to the noble hearted patriot, Abraham Lincoln, that I am compelled to speak. There is a stream of overpowering sympathy arising within me to which I yield, and it will not be expected that I speak eloquently or regard arrangement and formality. No! I speak simply as a humble servant, as only a private in the ranks of the Union army under the official administration of this great and good patriot. Why should not I add this *phase* of testimony to the exalted virtues of him whose portrait is now before me.

Aye! when I consider that Abraham Lincoln was called upon to meet the greatest issues ever before presented to the American people, his mind to grapple with national questions of the deepest concern to all nations, to guide and control the most powerful armies in numbers and skill known to the world; I say, when I consider these various issues, each and all of almost infinite importance, requiring the exercise of more wisdom, the test of more courage, and met by more opposition than any Executive ever before since the organization of our government, why should I not testify, and desire to perpetuate his memory, when he in life manifested the tenderest concern and expressed the warmest sympathy for every private soldier. That he could not, day by day, make them more comfortable than the conflict of war would permit, seemed a trouble of his official life. No Union soldier did he consider beneath his notice; none so poor as not to command his respect. Ah! it is true that the soldier's heart when faint and weary from prolonged duty was inspired to newness of life, when his mind reverted to Abraham Lincoln's anxiety for his country and the soldiers' general welfare. I speak but the universal sentiment of every Union soldier throughout this broad land.

Well do I remember when far away from this spot, where the immortal patriot Lincoln once stood; far along the coasts of sultry Georgia and South Carolina, isolated as we were many times, for weeks, from the means of communication with our dear friends at home; when that mail ship did arrive, how sincerely anxious to read the lines from our loving and loved wife with whom it might be we

had exchanged the last heart wringing good-bye, and from those little darlings that gathered around us at our departure, and each received it might be the last earthly kiss; when these lines were read what thought then: I tell you it was the papers brought by the same mail ship, to know what Abraham Lincoln had done; had said. And if on other battle fields "Our Boys" had been defeated, and now we knew it; words desponding were uttered, how soon those doubts were hushed; those fears quieted by, "no danger, honest Abraham Lincoln will bring us out all right yet."

When that immortal patriot stood within this Assembly Chamber, now five years ago, where we are to-day, and asked the then Honorable members of the Legislature of New Jersey "if it became necessary for him to put his foot down firmly, if they would stand by him," and they cheerfully responded "We will," it may have been thought a small matter. But I tell you here to-day, speaking as one who was "only a private" New Jersey soldier, that during exposure and positive suffering that bordered at times on despair, those affirmations of the New Jersey Legislature, coupled with that indomitable firmness of Abraham Lincoln, cheered them on, fighting for the right, to final victory.

Amid such associations and memories that still linger here, it is well that we to-day hang upon our walls—that we to-day dedicate this chamber to the portrait of the savior of his country. Ah! it is well; and as a soldier I rejoice that in this legislative hall of New Jersey is placed beside the portrait of George Washington that of Abraham Lincoln.

ADDRESS OF HON. J. H. NIXON.

MR. SPEAKER:—It may seem superfluous to add anything to what has been already said, and so well said by others on this occasion, but my feelings prompt me to pay my humble tribute to the worth of the great man whose memory we, in the name of New Jersey, are honoring to-day. The portrait before us, now placed where I trust it may ever remain, is a faithful and excellent likeness of him whom it represents, as all who ever saw him in his lifetime will attest, and reflects great credit upon the artist who executed it. But no artist's skill can portray the matchless virtues of the man. They will be preserved in the hearts of the American people through all time to come, and be cherished among their holiest traditions.

No country but this could have produced Abraham Lincoln, for none other possesses those geographical, political and social elements that combine to mould, to develop and educate such a man, and none other furnishes to such a character, once formed, so suitable a field in which to work for the good of mankind. His birth and education in the then far West, in the midst of its amazingly grand and growing resources, among the humblest of the people, and far away from the conventional restraints of older societies, had much to do in making Abraham Lincoln the man he was. It was in this rude school his bold and independent character was formed, it was there he acquired his wonderful insight into the great heart of the common people which made him emphatically their own chosen leader, and, also, where love of full and perfect human liberty became an abiding and controlling element of his very nature. No other country, I say, could have furnished such a school for such a man. God placed him there to be educated for his great mission; for He meant to call him from humble life, as he did David, to be a leader for his people. And in his own good time He did call him. Few in all the land, previous to the very day when Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency of the United States, the first office in the world, had any thought that he would be selected for the high position. The eyes of the nation were centred upon another man. But that he of all others should have been named, seems in the light of subsequent events to have been a signal interposition of Providence.

To undertake even a synopsis of the great events of his administration, events with which his name will ever hereafter be most gloriously associated, would be to repeat to this House and to the people of the State, what they already know by heart. The few years just gone

by into whose months the great acts of Mr. Lincoln's marvellous history were crowded, need no reference here more than has already been made by the gentlemen who have preceeded me. A work was given him to do greater than was ever imposed upon any one man in all the ages before. And how well he accomplished it; with what sublime patience, though often chided by the impatient; with what consummate wisdom, though often charged with lack of it by the shortsighted; with what relentless energy, though many times unkindly criticized; with what singleness of heart, knowing no other desire, and having no other thought but the salvation of the country whose constitution he was sworn to protect and defend; and with what kindness of heart, having malice towards none but charity for all. Who but he could have guided the people so like a father. His every word was caught up by the millions of the land and heeded as parental counsel, for all men; the lofty and the lowly alike, believed in the incorruptible honesty and disinterestedness of the man. He was the same in the White House that he was in his humble home at Springfield. With him to guide them, the American people through four long, dark and bloody, but we trust purifying years, strove for their national existence. Long time the question of national life and unity remained unsolved; but after alternating periods of hope and gloom the bright day of victory dawned, and an exultant nation went wild with joy. It was in the midst of this joy that the good man Lincoln was struck down. If Heaven had decreed that the stroke must indeed fall, the American people should evermore be thankful that it came no sooner than than it did. It only cut short a life completely rounded in all that can make the sum of human glory perfect.

The great work assigned to Abraham Lincoln was to crush a wicked and causeless rebellion, and he lived to see its last agonies, and to tread with his own feet the capital of the traitor foe. With that work done, God took him, and good men bore his remains to their last resting place, amidst such a surging tide of national anguish as never swept over any land before. He now rests in immortal honor near the humble western home whence he came to achieve his world-wide glory, while thitherward will wend for ages to come, the pilgrim feet of those who are yet to learn to read and love the story of his noble life and tragic death, and especially will it be the Mecca of that dark-browed race which he lifted from two hundred and fifty years of abject bondage to the level and to the rights of manhood.

It is well that we have placed that portrait here in this Assembly Chamber, for from it, and that of Washington hard by it, we may daily draw fresh inspirations of patriotism. There let it remain long after we, who place it there, shall have deserted these halls forever; there, I say, let it remain to remind those who succeed us of loyalty, of virtue, and of holy consecration to the country's service; there let it remain to teach our children and our children's children, that under our beneficent institutions the highest honors may be attained even by the humblest, if found worthy.

It is fitting for us, as a State, to show our appreciation of our great and noble dead. It is a venerable as well as pious usage. Nations in all ages have been accustomed to honor the memory of their dead heroes, and certainly none ever had better, braver or worthier than have we, and foremost among ours will forever stand the name of Abraham Lincoln. The exercises of to-day in honor of his memory will do honor to our State, for in honoring him we honor ourselves.

ADDRESS OF HON. M. H. C. VAIL.

MR. SPEAKER:—I rise for the purpose of making a few remarks at this time with no little delicacy, and while the occasion proves to be deeply interesting, I had not intended to take any other part than that of an earnest, devoted listener to the eloquent words falling from the lips of the friends and admirers of Abraham Lincoln; and I now approach the memorial altar erected here by willing hands to the memory of the illustrious deceased, for the purpose of depositing my sprig of acacia thereon, with fear and trembling, as my mind reverts to the flow of eloquent language in eulogy that has fallen upon my ear from the learned and gifted gentlemen of the opposite side of this House, whose bosoms are overflowing with a wealth of love for the memory of that man whose portrait now graces these walls through the beneficence of the last Legislature. I can only compare my present situation and condition to that of the widow spoken of in Holy Writ, who, more than eighteen hundred years ago, doubtingly and hesitatingly approached the treasury box and cast in her mite, while the wise, great, learned and rich were casting in of their hoarded wealth and abundance (gleaned from the hill country of Judea), and one standing by declared that she had cast in, in her penury, more than them all. But I lay no claim to casting more into the memorial treasure of one of our deceased Presidents, than those who have contributed from their passionately expressed love of his memory, that he is now dead, and who cherished and revered him while he lived.

You all remember that it is but a few days since, that I stood alone at the memorial altar of one of our deceased statesmen, and you also remember that I then and there deposited my "tribute memorium" in his behalf, and I now claim to have another "acacia sprig" to place upon the altar of the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and will do so with as firm a hand and warm a heart as many among his most ardent and devoted admirers; for I claim to have within my bosom an honest heart, and one that pulsates in unison with all that is good, just and right.

In the spring time of eighteen hundred and sixty-one, as your memories will reveal, the balmy air came forth from the sunny south, laden with the sweetest of nature's perfume, gathered from magnolia's bloom (queen flower of aroma's realm) warming into new life

all animated nature, making the hill top to hold early converse with the tiny leaflet, and grassing the valley all over with its carpet of brightest and loveliest green, causing the spirits of men to flow cheerily on, when, lo! the alarm, dread indeed, rang out of terrible war, and the iron hail for the first time rained against Fort Sumter's devoted walls, and the brave and noble Anderson, with his gallant little band pulled down, for the first time, the "star spangled banner of the free." The news spread, like wild fire running over the prairie vast, rousing to new life and energy all within its reach; then there was a "hurrying to and fro"; men, mute and sad, sallied forth, clad in the habiliments of war, and its fearful paraphernalia was visible on every hand, making the bravest heart to quail before the fearful scene. Then it was that the great and eventful career of your venerated Lincoln began.

For four long years the black and dreary clouds hung heavy around us, shutting out the entire political horizon, from the surface of which the angry flash and bellowing thunders of civil war broke forth; spring and fall came and went in all their beauty, the seasons changed as in days of yore, until the spring time of eighteen hundred and sixty-five, and yet all wore the deepening sombre hue, when lo! again! one of those sweetly perfumed breezes from the sunny South came forth with healing in its wings, bearing the glad news that Lee had surrendered, that the war (devastating without precedent) was over, and we believed that the victory was won; and indeed it was so, for soon the bright angel of peace resumed the place that had so long been usurped by the black fiend of war, and one loud and long huzzah of joy rang forth over hill and dale from the pineries of Maine to the cotton fields of Georgia, and from the prairies of Wisconsin to the Rio Grande of Texas.

But a few days had elapsed after these glad tidings were received when Abraham Lincoln sought a few moments relaxation and went forth to the "gilded saloon." Four long years of constant toil and anxious care, and always surrounded by influences and councils both evil and good, all these combined producing a continued strain upon his mind, leading him to wile away an hour far from business cares, amid festive scenes, surrounded by his loving family, and with his devoted wife by his side; 'twas there and then the assassin dark and damnable lurked, and armed with some death dealing instrument, with fatal aim sent the leaden messenger crashing through his noble brain, causing the life that stood at highest flow to ebb away, sending the soul, the life spirit, all that made Abraham Lincoln great, to that bourne from whence no traveler returns, while the frail teneament that had lost the bright jewel of life, surrounded by careful watchers and faithful friends, was carried back to the mighty west and there deposited in its final resting place, to moulder back to its native elements amid the broad prairies of his rural home. Memory reverts to the time with peculiar clearness when the sad news broke in upon the people's ear that the President was dead, stricken down

by the foul assassin's blow while in the midst of joyful and festive scenes. Thousands were aroused at the midnight hour to hear the terrible news. I heard it not till the morning's dawn. The occasion was one that made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. Seated with my family around the breakfast board, and while partaking of the morning meal, the newspaper came, bearing in dark lines the fearful announcement. The shock was so great that my heart ceased to beat for the moment, when I came to realize the fact that a President of the United States had fallen by other means than by the natural course of summoning from on High, when the probationary career had ended.

I had ever been a political opponent of Abraham Lincoln, using all my political energies in opposition to his first and second elections, always laboring to defeat the major part of his measures, and opposing to the bitter end the principles of the party to which he belonged. But when that sad news came all personal opposition was extinguished, and duty led me to remember only his good deeds. I felt that I could adopt the old maxim in regard to the illustrious deceased. "To bury his faults and revere and honor his virtues."

And now in closing these rambling, extemporaneous remarks, and as I turn my eye upon the portrait where the artist has so faithfully traced his image, I am reminded that I cannot finish more appropriately than by repeating in your presence the closing lines of a poem that he loved so well, and in so doing I feel to exclaim oh! how appropriate, how appropriate to the occasion of the last scene in his life—

“From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud.”

REMARKS OF HON. A. O. EVANS.

MR. SPEAKER:—It was far from my intention to have taken any other part in the proceedings of this morning than that of a silent listener; and it is not now my purpose, after the eloquent and very thorough reviews of both the private and public character of Mr. Lincoln, to occupy the time of the House with any remarks in that direction; but, sir, inasmuch as the speeches have thus far been confined to one side of the House, politically, I cannot permit the occasion to pass without adding a few words to that which has already been said. However much I have differed with Mr. Lincoln about the momentous issues before the country during the troublous times in which he occupied the position of chief magistrate of the nation, I never questioned his patriotism or honesty of purpose. The Democracy of this country mourned his assassination equally with those who sympathized with him politically, and, as an humble representative of that Democracy, I claim the privilege of participating in this honor to his memory.

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